

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1870.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—NEW SEASON.—1870-71.—

The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company and the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society have to announce a

GRAND OPENING MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

THIS DAY (Saturday), Commencing at Three o'clock.

Conductor **SIR MICHAEL COSTA.**

The First Portion of this Great Musical Festival (only possible on the Handel Orchestra at the Crystal Palace) will comprise the First Part of Mendelssohn's

"ELIJAH."

The Second Portion will consist of a Miscellaneous Selection, including the National Anthem, which will be sung at the conclusion of the Performance; Sir Michael Costa's Triumphal Choral March from "Naaman"; Mendelssohn's "O Hills, O Vales"; Rossini's overture to "La Gazza Ladra," with various Italian Solos by the principal artists.

Principal Vocalists:—Madame SINICO, Madame MONBELLI, Madame TREBELL-BETTINI, Signor BETTINI, Signor GASSIER, Mr. VERNON RIGBY, and Mr. SANTLEY.

The Orchestra will comprise the Two Thousand Members of the London Handel Festival Choir, other Choral bodies, the Orchestra of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and that of the Crystal Palace Company, with many other Professors and Amateurs of the first rank, comprising in the whole

UPWARDS OF THREE THOUSAND PERFORMERS.

Admission Seven Shillings and Sixpence. Guinea Season Tickets Free. Numbered Seats, lettered in blocks, as at the Handel Festival. Five Shillings; Reserved Seats, Half-a-Crown; and Transferable Stalls for this Festival and the Eight Grand Summer Concerts, One Guinea, at the Crystal Palace, and 2, Exeter Hall. Admission, Tickets, and the New Guinea Season Ticket, dating from the 1st of May, may also be had at the Palace; at Exeter Hall, and usual Agents.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

This Evening (SATURDAY), May 7, will be performed Donizetti's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Mongini; Aston, M. Verger (his first appearance); Arturo, Signor Rinaldini; Raimondo, Signor Foll; Normanno, Signor Archibini; Alice, Madame Corsi; and Lucia, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance this season). Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT, May 9, Gounod's Opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Gardoni; Mephistopheles, Signor Gassier; Valentin, Mr. SANTLEY; Wagner, Signor Trevero; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Marta, Madame Corsi; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Reboux.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

TUESDAY NEXT, May 10, Meyerbeer's Opera, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Roberto, Signor Mongini; Raubaldo, Signor Gardoni; Bertramo, Signor Foll; Alberti, Signor Raguer; Un Araldo, Signor Rinaldini; Cavaleri, Signor Archibini; Signor Castelli Signor Zeboli, Signor Trevero; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; Elena, Mdlle. Fioretti; and Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her second appearance this season; and her first appearance in the part of Alice in England).

Production of "ABU HASSAN" and "LOCA DEL CAIRO."

THURSDAY NEXT, May 12, will be performed (for the first time on the Italian stage) Carl Maria Von Weber's Operetta, in one act, "ABU HASSAN." The libretto translated by Signor Marchesi, and the dialogue set to recitative by Signor Arditi, expressly for the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, Hassan, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Omar, Signor Castelli; Il Califfo, Signor Raguer; Mesur, Signor Trevero; Zemrud, Madame Corsi; Zobiaida, Mdlle. Briani; and Fatima, Madame Monbelli. To be followed by Mozart's posthumous Opera-buffa, in two acts, "LOCA DEL CAIRO" (first time in England). The poem adapted by M. Victor Wilder. The Italian translation by Signor Zeffira. The dialogue set to "recitativo-parlante" by Signor Bottesini, Fabrizio, Signor Gardoni; Don Beltramo, Signor Gassier; Pasquale, Signor Trevero; Lo Schiavo, Mr. Lyall; Giacinta, Madame Corsi; Oretta, Madame Sinico; and Isabella, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky (her first appearance).

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

SATURDAY, May 14, Meyerbeer's Opera, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her second appearance in the part of Alice in England. Acting Manager **MR. JARRETT.**

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 6s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON'S First Appearance this Season, at St. James's Hall, on WEDNESDAY MORNING Next, May 11th, at Mr. LESLIE'S CONCERT, commencing at Half-past Two. Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Area Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s. and 10s. 6d.; Balcony and Area, unreserved, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF
SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN," a New Oratorio, by the Rev. H. F. LIMPUS, will be performed, for the First Time, in Aid of the Funds of St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, Clewer, on TUESDAY, May 10th, 1870. Principal Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. The Band and Chorus will number 300 performers. Sofa Stalls, 21 1s.; Balcony Stalls, 11 1s.; Reserved Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's, 23, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Chappell, New Bond Street; Novello, Ewer, & Co., Berners Street; Ruff & Stewart, 147, Oxford Street; Keith, Frowse & Co., 46, Chancery; Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—

WEDNESDAY Next, May 11th, at Eight, J. BARBY'S New Sacred Cantata, "REBEKAH," and HANDEL'S "ALEXANDER'S FEAST." Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Band and Chorus of 350. Conductor—Mr. BARBY. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony and Area (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Admission, 2s., 2s., 1s., at Novello's, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry, the principal Musicellers, and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

MR. ALFRED GILBERT and MADAME GILBERT'S THIRD CHAMBER CONCERT, at 9, COMDUT STREET, May 11th. Vocalists—Madame Gilbert, Mr. George Ferren, and Mr. Freame Kelly. Instrumentalists—Mr. Henry Holmes, Signor Pozze, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert. Conductor—Mr. LAND. Tickets, 5s., of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, The Woodlands, 89, Maida Vale.

MISS ELIZABETH PHILP'S EVENING CONCERT, will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on FRIDAY Next, May 13th, on which occasion she will be assisted by Madame Rudersdorf, Mdle. Carola, Miss Poole, Miss Alice Fairmah, and Mdme. Patey; Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. Patey; Mdme. Alice Mangold, Herr Carl Reinecke, Signor Pozze, M.M. Benedict and Handegger. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Family Tickets, to admit Three, One Guinea; Unreserved Seats, 5s.; to be had of Miss Philp, 67, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, and all Musicellers.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERT, WEDNESDAY Next, May 11th, St. James's Hall.—ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER," and Miscellaneous Selection. Mdle. Nilsson, Madame Monbelli, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Madame Arabella Goddard; Signor Mongini, Signor Bettini, Signor Foll, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Full Band. Organist—Mr. John C. Ward. Conductor—Mr. HENRY LESLIE.

MISS AMY PERRY'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT at HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on SATURDAY, May 14, under the direction of Mr. LANSDOWNE COTTELL, R.A.M. Mdles. Alexandrina Dwyght, Marie d'Elisa Sutcliffe, and Miss Amy Perry. Messrs. Sutcliffe (late primo-baritone of the Grand Opera, New York), W. C. Bell, T. Childerstone, Walter Reeves, and C. J. Bishenden.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of CHOPIN and HANDEL, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

MADAME NADINE DUNORD (Soprano) has arrived in London and is open to Engagements for Operas, Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

REMOVAL.

MADAME RABY BARRETT begs to announce her REMOVAL to 31, Aberdeen Place, Maida Hill, where all communications respecting Concerts, Lessons, &c., can be addressed.

MADAME DELISE will sing the popular Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing WELLINGTON GURNESS's popular Serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square (where Haydn made his first bow to an English audience).—Ladies and Gentlemen intending to engage these unique Rooms for Concerts, &c., are respectfully invited to make early application, in order to secure the best days. For terms, apply to Mr. Hall, at the Rooms.
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TO PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS.—Wanted, a SITUATION in a Pianoforte Establishment, by a Young Lady of good Address. A brilliant Pianist. Address, A. W., 49, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, London.

MR. FREDERICK CHILDERSTON will sing at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, May 14th, the popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER will return to London for the season on the 23rd May. All letters to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR CARL FORMES is now in Town for the season and can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios and Operatic Performances. Address—care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS AMY PERRY will perform ASCHER's popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS LILY SIMESTER and **MR. GEORGE PERREN** will sing NICOLAI's admired duet, "ONE WORD," at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, May 10th.

MR. LANSLOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Miss Amy Perry's, Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th; Store Street, June 4th, July 16th; Hanover Square, June 25th. Communications Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

REMOVAL.

MRS. RONEY (Miss Helen Hogarth) begs to announce her REMOVAL from Gloucester Crescent, to No. 6, Chalcut Terrace, Regent's Park Road, N.W.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, in Town or Country. For terms, address 125, Regent Street.

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"LITTLE WILLIE," by JULES BENEDICT. This charming new song (by the popular composer of "Rock me to Sleep") is now being sung with distinguished success by Miss EDITH WYNN. Price 3s., and may be obtained for 19 stamps from the publisher, DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"FLY LIKE A BIRD," sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ABBESS," sung by Miss Anyon, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART's new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 19 stamps each).

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"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" This popular romance will be sung at Blackheath Assembly Rooms on the 11th of May, by Mr. Alfred Baylis; and on the 17th he will also sing it at his first Matinée, to be given at his Residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

Just Published,

"REVIVALS,"

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON.

No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA (IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

No. 2. DRAMATIC FANTASIA (IN C MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

Price 6s. each.

*. Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

N.B. "REVIVALS" will consist of Pieces hitherto only existing in Manuscript, or which have been long out of Print. Selected from the Works of Eminent Masters.

MISS LILY SIMESTER, MR. GEORGE PERREN, and **MR. FOX**, will sing RANDEGGER's popular trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at Miss Lily Simester's Concert, Manor Rooms, Hackney, Tuesday, 10th May.

MR. J. H. SUTCLIFFE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNEY's new serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Eyre Arms, May 11th, and Hanover Square Rooms, May 26th.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ, MR. ALFRED BAYLIS, and **MR. H. VINNING**, will sing "I NAVIGANTI," at Blackheath (Mr. A. Baylis's Concert), on the 11th of May.

TO MUSICSELLERS.—A Young Lady requires a Situation, can play the Piano, and thoroughly understands the business. For References, apply to present Employer, J. F., Music Warehouse, 7, London Street, Greenwich.

Published This Day,

"THEY NAMED HER NAME BEFORE ME," BALLAD.

Composed by FREDERIC PENNA.

Price 3s.

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Published This Day,

"BELLA QUAL ROSEA AURORA," MELODIA.

Composta da GIOVANNI MARAVIGLIA.

Price 3s.

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To be ready Next Week,

"THE BELSIZE GALOP," By EDOUARD SCHUBERTH.

Played with distinguished success, and rapturously encored, at the Belsize Conservative Association Hall, Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday evening, will be published next week by

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS.
LYON & HALL,**

WARWICK MANSION.

FROM SEVILLE.

No. IV.

The Holy Week at Seville, of course, formally commences on Pa'm Sunday (yesterday), but the attractive exhibitions which render this romantic city especially celebrated throughout the country will not begin till Wednesday. In the meantime I may describe the Biblical drama which is now drawing to its close at the principal theatre. The performance is on a much more magnificent scale than at Madrid, where the "Seven Dolours of the Virgin" were, as I said, represented at a very minor theatre. At Seville everything is large and imposing. Here the "mystery" still flourishes, while at Madrid it looks like the relic of another age. The entry of the Messiah into Jerusalem, through a crowd bearing palm-branches, while similar honours are paid by a throng assembled on the arch through which he enters; the Last Supper, which is arranged after the precedent of the celebrated picture by Leonardo da Vinci, the vessels on the table being filled with an incense which perfumes the entire theatre; the Crucifixion, at which the guards are mounted on real horses,—are most impressive spectacles, and do the greatest credit to the stage manager, who has but indifferent scenery at his command. In illustration of this last remark, I may state that the heads of the Jewish priesthood held their solemn meetings in an Egyptian temple liberally stocked with idols. This arrangement does not arise from a bigoted attempt to charge the Jews with idolatry, but from the scantiness of decorative material. One would have thought that a drama which reached its 38th representation yesterday was worth painting for throughout, but the Spaniards are evidently economical about the front scenes.

But the poverty of the scenery is in a great measure counterbalanced by the excellence of the costumes. The traditional colours and personal appearance of the Biblical figures are carefully preserved, and any intelligent charity boy could recognize at a glance all the characters of the sacred story. Peter is portly, John is young and somewhat effeminate, and Judas has the noted red hair. The group round the Cross immediately after the death of the Redeemer could scarcely be surpassed. In the Seville play there is, however, a display of realism which is not to be found in the less pretending work, and which is not unfrequently revolting. Mr. Thackeray remarked that Hogarth never did things by halves, and that consequently when the murdered woman was shown in the *Seven Stages of Cruelty* her throat was cut to the vertebrae. In the same spirit the bodily sufferings, which are somewhat softened down at Madrid, are represented with frightful accuracy at Seville. The Redeemer is scourged in both, but while on one stage only the upper part of his person is shown, and the lashes are but lightly bestowed, on the other he is made nearly nude, and the flagellation is most vigorous. So again, while the Cross-bearing Christ at Madrid is not a very repulsive object, in Seville he becomes indescribably shocking through the close copy of the "bloody sweat." Of course, to the ordinary Englishman both exhibitions would be equally horrible, and perhaps some of my readers are displeased that I do not accompany my whole description of these sacred festivities with an execration *obligato*, or slur over details. But if I adopted the former course I should never get on at all, and if I chose the latter I should convey no information. Spanish recreations are no more to be painted in aquarelle than revolutions are to be effected with rose-water. Though they belong to the present I must treat the Biblical plays of Spain as an antiquary treats the Chester mysteries of the past.

To return to the drama. There is this interesting difference between the plays at the minor theatre at Madrid, and those at the large theatre at Seville, that whereas the former is to a large extent based on tradition not to be found in the Scriptures, there is in the latter very little trace of legend or apocrypha, the New Testament being followed about as closely as the reigns of the Plantagenet Kings are followed in the "histories" of Shakspeare. The crowing of the cock on Peter's third denial of his Master, and the washing of the disciples' feet, are not forgotten at Seville; but we see nothing of Saint Veronica, nor does the penitent thief appear in the early history of the Holy Family. Query—could this abstinence from tradition and comparatively strict adherence to Scripture render the Seville play more acceptable than that at Madrid to the non-conforming congregation of one of our Bethels or Ebenezers? While, however, the author or contriver of the Seville play carefully follows the Scriptural outline, he allows himself a few accessory "effects," which tell very well with the audience. By means of an opening in one of the flats the Virgin is smitten with grief through the appearance of a number of figures, each bearing an instrument of the Passion, but is soon afterwards consoled in ghostly fashion, when the flat reopens and discovers the persecutors of her Son, enveloped in infernal flames. The prayer in the Garden, "Father, let this cup pass away," &c., is illustrated by a mechanical contrivance. The olive tree against which the Redeemer is praying gradually opens, and shows in the midst of the foliage an angel bearing in one hand a cup and in the other a cross.

Great importance is attached in the Seville play to the suicide of Judas Iscariot, who, with the rest of the apostles, is almost overlooked in the *"Siete Dolores."* An elaborate set-scene, with a moveable cataract, which, perhaps, to Spanish eyes seems an accurate imitation of real water, is provided for the occasion, and over this inclines the tree whereon the despairing traitor hangs himself in the presence of the audience. The selected branch breaks, Judas falls into the water, the stage becomes illumined with red fire, and a

number of devils, very like those who carry off Don Giovanni, dance about to express their satisfaction. The sublimity of the awful scene is somewhat marred by the circumstance that the curtain no sooner descends than it rises again, in order that Judas may bow his acknowledgments to a highly appreciative public. On the evening when I witnessed the performance, he was the only person who was thus specially honoured. His part, indeed, is, for an actor, the best in the piece, and was exceedingly well played with, I grieve to add, something like a sense of comic humour. A modicum of the Terentian Davaus or Geta, as represented by a very clever "Westminster," seemed to infuse itself into the character of the Scriptural traitor, and the brutal independence which marked his whole career, and which contrasted strongly with the reverence of his fellow disciples, is evidently intended to be amusing. All this is very horrible, but—so it is. N. D.

Seville, April 11.

No. V.

The annual festival of Seville is now over, not to re-commence till the Holy Week of next year. For the last fortnight the charges at the hotels have been nearly doubled, and every day we have had two *tables d'hôte* at different hours. This morning there is a general decline. Our *table d'hôte* is at a medium hour (5.30); the bill is ruled by the ordinary tariff, and you find yourself considered, not as an intruder, but as a welcome guest.

The festival may be conveniently divided into two acts, one sacred, the other profane. The former commences on Holy Wednesday, when the Gospel narrative of the Passion is read in the Cathedral, with a pyrotechnic illustration and the first religious procession. The process is continued through Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, that of the Friday being most important. On Saturday the narrative of the Passion, read in the Cathedral, is accompanied not only by fireworks, but by cannon. Here ends the religious act. The profane act commences with the bullfight on Easter Day, which is repeated on the following Tuesday. On Easter Monday begins the Seville Fair, which lasts three days, and on the following Thursday and Friday come the horse races, these being the result of an Anglomaniac wherewith the good bullfighting Spaniards have been infected, much against their will, by the officers of Gibraltar.

The Seville Fair is an institution altogether unique. Its commercial object is the sale of horses and cattle; but its social use is its great peculiarity. A whole street of stalls is rented for the three days by the most opulent families of the town (nobility not excluded), who send their furniture to their temporary residences, and there live from six o'clock in the morning to a late hour at night, receiving and paying visits. Larger booths, belonging to the clubs of Seville, are appropriated to balls of the most respectable kind, only accessible by means of personal introduction. Besides the fashionable quarter, there is an inferior street of stalls hired by those who do not belong to the "Upper Ten." Also, there are stalls for the sale of cheap delicacies and gimcracks. But the national luxury at the Seville Fair is a sort of pancake, in the form of a ring, made exclusively by gipsies, and called a "*bonuelo*." When I was a lad, and St. Bartlemy marked a day in the people's calendar, a man who entered Smithfield during the period dedicated to the Saint, and did not buy his bag of "gingerbread nuts," was a person to be shunned. So is it with the "*bonuelo*" at the Seville Fair. You are bound in honour to eat it, and you must eat it fresh. The gipsy who rules the stall keeps no stock on hand, save in the form of a colossal dish, wherein is contained the raw material of which the delicacy is made. You order a pound or half-a-pound, the preparation begins, and when it is completed a huge dish is presented by a female gipsy, who, as Mr. T. Carlyle said of Dante, is the mournfullest figure you ever saw in your life. Strange creatures, these gipsies of Andalusia. I need not tell my readers that they hold a sort of semi-social position, and form an important part of the population, the women being always distinguished by their long hair tied into a knot at the back of the head. Some of them may be also marked for their singularly handsome faces, although their style of beauty is rather repulsive than attractive. The servant (or mistress) of the booth, who brought my dish of *bonuelos*, was undoubtedly handsome, but about as inviting as Clytemnestra.

Of all the dismal things to be seen in Andalusia give me the horse-race. Were it not that an inkling of patriotism prompted me to record that my countrymen had the best of the fight, I could pass it over entirely. The course, on the bank of the Guadalquivir, is in a most picturesque position, and as a course is unexceptionable; but the want of those appendages that contribute so essentially to the enjoyment of the Derby produces a feeling of desolation. No one brings his well-stored hamper; there is nothing to eat, nothing to drink; but there is a sun that blazes exceedingly. Let me correct myself—there is one caterer for refreshment, who is always present everywhere—at the bull-fight, at the fair, at the horse-race. This is the vendor of "*agua y panales*," who is constantly visible, lustily advertising his cheap commodity with his lungs. The water (*agua*) he carries on his shoulder in a vessel that might have been borne by Rebecca, and from his hand depends a glass case, containing the "*panales*,"—a ghost of a "*meringue*," which converts the pure element into "*eau sucrée*." But the pure element is warm, and not refreshing.

The melancholy feature of the Spanish horse-race is the utter apathy of the

spectators as to the proceedings on the course. The *élite* of Seville society attends and yawns. The ladies are superbly dressed, and sit in their bad places in the grand stand with a resignation that would do credit to St. Lawrence, inasmuch as they, like him, are visibly broiled; but they care little about the contest. A vague patriotism inspires a desire that the Spaniard may beat the Englishman; but as for details, they vanish into a blank, like the central part of a map of Africa. An army composed of officers without soldiers is a proverbially weak exhibition. Just such an exhibition is presented by the spectators of this Seville horse-race. They form an aristocratic crowd, with which the populace has no sympathy whatever. The Briton, who hates "roughs" in his own land, longs to behold a specimen of the genus in this gathering. Imagine the gallery of Drury Lane Theatre closed on Boxing-day, and imagine the feelings of Mr. F. B. Chatterton on the occasion. The gentlefolks of Spain go to the races, thinking that, in the language of Mr. Sothorn, it is the "right thing for a fellow to do," but their enjoyment is small. The populace dislike and avoid them. They love and, to a certain measure, understand their bull-fights, but the respective speed of horses fails to interest them. And, after all, when the excitement of the "Corrida de Toros" is compared with that of the horse-race—but no, the vision of the society against cruelty rises before me, and I pull up short. N. D.

Seville, April 23.

J. S. Dwight, of Boston, across Liszt's "Dante."

A symphony by Liszt, intended to give expression in music to some of the strange and wonderful scenes written to by Dante in his great poem, was played on Saturday evening, at the Philharmonic Concert. The enterprise that leads the directors of the Philharmonic Society to give these modern productions is commendable. It is easy to say that the symphonies of the old masters are better and more enjoyable, but all musically-inclined persons are anxious to know what the modern men are about, and the wilder and more extravagant the music they write, the greater naturally is the curiosity to hear it. The music of Liszt to Dante's *Hell* and *Purgatory* is, to our thinking, the worst that the composers of this school can do. We are thankful to believe that in this symphony they have run their course to its very end and exhausted their powers of perversion. Having lived through that hour of agony during which this symphony lasted, and escaped with reason not overthrown, we can safely bid defiance to Liszt, Wagner, and their fellow madmen of the school of the future. The principle on which this musical monstrosity was constructed was evidently to find out precisely what effects the best composers had made use of to produce lovely and satisfying results, and to reverse them. It was like playing one of Beethoven's symphonies backward. In the first place it was necessary that the whole composition should be made tuneless, and in the next place, so far as possible, it was to set time at defiance. In other words, the accent was to be thrown on such unexpected parts of the beat that the musicians should seem to be playing in one time and the conductor to direct another. The tortures of the damned were to be illustrated, and this congenial theme gave Liszt a famous excuse for unheard-of bedevilment of his orchestra. Shrieks from the trumpets, cries of shrill anguish from the piccolos, groans of distress from the bass tuba, throbs of pain from the kettle drums, screams of sharp torture from the clashing cymbals, yells of demoniac rage from the trombones, sighs and sobs from the softer wind instruments, were all heard at once in a wild carnival of discord, and as a climax to this orchestral fury the violins were sent wailing and complaining in chromatic intervals from the top to the bottom of the musical scale till it seemed as though Beelzebub, prince of devils, must have stood at the composer's right hand while he scored this work. The admirers of Liszt answer such suggestions of discord by the reply that the truer this statement is the more the genius of the author is demonstrated, for the horrors of the nether world were exactly what he intended to paint, and the more hideous the result the better the picture. The wonder is that Liszt's familiar spirit did not inspire him to compose for each class of instruments in a separate key. The effect of demoniac confusion and horror at which he aimed would then certainly have been attained, and his audience sent howling with anguish out of the house. Even now it is not too late, and Mr. Bergmann, when he next performs this work, might have all the violin parts written, say in the key of C, the second violins in C sharp major, the violas in D minor, the double basses and violoncellos in E flat, and so on through the major and minor scales. The doors might then be closed on the audience, the orchestra tied down to their seats, and all the clergymen in the city invited to witness the result. The picture of the infernal regions that would then be presented would, beyond a doubt, strike terror in the heart of the stoutest sinner. In fact, we know of nothing better calculated to call the obdurate to repentance than this work of Liszt's, for if any person could fully be brought to realize that his punishment hereafter would consist in being compelled for ever to listen to the symphony that we heard for an hour on Saturday night, there is, we venture to say, no man living bold enough to contemplate unmoved such a doom, or who would not at once take measures to be rescued from so terrible a fate.

PESTH.—Professor Volkmann has composed an overture to *Richard II.* It is to be performed at the Grand local Musical Festival this year.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The operas performed last week were *Guillaume Tell*, the *Flauto Magico*, the *Traviata*, and *Medea*, a preponderance of music accepted as "classical" over music that can never become "classical" encouraging to those who believe that art, musical or otherwise, can only be genuine when it is the result of serious and conscientious labour. Of *Guillaume Tell* we have already spoken, as also of *Il Flauto Magico*—substituted on Tuesday night for *Un Ballo in Maschera*, which had been announced, but in consequence of Signor Mario's indisposition was withdrawn from the bills. Mdle. Sessi's extremely intelligent performance of the heroine of the *Traviata* has also been described; so that all we have to say is a word or two about *Medea*, which, though revived, some years ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre, was now heard for the first time at Covent Garden. About the plot of *Medea*, and the sublime music of Cherubini, enough has already been written. That the Florentine musician, whom Schumann was wont to compare with Michael Angelo, could meet the Greek tragic poet on equal grounds, has been more than once maintained; and at the present time no one capable of understanding both would be inclined to dispute the fact. Amid the frivolous stuff to which, in a great measure, frequenters of the Italian Opera—why, it would be difficult to explain—seem most disposed to listen with eager ears, it is a real delight to all those who look upon art more earnestly and lovingly, to find that at least once or twice in a season the most earnest and magnificent "opera seria" in existence—for such is unquestionably the *Medea* of Cherubini—can find an appreciative audience. No one who cares for what is loftiest and noblest in dramatic music should lose the opportunity of hearing this truly great work—great in its design, great in its development, and great, as may be concluded from the premises, in its climax.

Medea was, as our opera-going readers have been made aware, admirably done at Her Majesty's Theatre, where it was introduced for the first time in this country, and, so far as we can gather, for the first time in the Italian language,* under the direction of Signor Arditi, who set the dialogue to accompanied recitative expressly for the occasion. It is now also admirably done at the Royal Italian Opera, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, a conductor thoroughly well up to his work, who, in wisely availing himself of the recitatives of his predecessor, has, nevertheless, if memory does not deceive us, made certain curtailments and alterations, which, whether improvements or the contrary, are a matter of taste.

The cast of *Medea* at Covent Garden is generally excellent; but the fact that the *Medea* of Her Majesty's Theatre is the *Medea* now would of itself be almost enough to satisfy the admirers of Cherubini's music. In this one part Mdle. Tietjens shines so pre-eminently, both as a singer and as an actress, that she might, like the famous Mdle. Scio of Cherubini's time, have built her fame upon it alone. We need not again dwell upon her performance in detail. Enough that, at Covent Garden, she is in every respect the same *Medea* so unanimously lauded when the opera used to be a feature of the season at the late theatre in the Haymarket. Her voice was in splendid order on Saturday night, and she never acted the part more nobly or gave the music to greater perfection. Dr. Gunz was Jason; and probably no tenor now on the stage is better competent to give that part the correct reading, whether dramatically or vocally. The character of Neris, *Medea's* confidant, was assigned to Mdle. Scalchi; and that of Dirce, daughter of Creon, and the new spouse of Jason, who excites the wrath and vengeance of the "Colchian Sorceress," to Mdle. Bauermeister. Both were competently filled. Creon, the angry monarch of Corinth, was represented by Signor Baggiolo, whose fine bass voice gave weight to the music, but who made no attempt to invest the personage with dramatic significance. Mdles. Locatelli and Madigan were very efficient in the small parts of Lamia and Clyte. The general execution of the music, under Signor Vianesi's direction was singularly good—orchestra and chorus, from the overture to the last *finale* (not forgetting the gloomy and impressivestorm which constitutes the orchestral prelude to the third act), being almost irreproachable. The house was crowded, and the opera was received with real enthusiasm. At the end of each act Mdle. Tietjens was called forward. It was pleasant to find so hearty a reception accorded to so grand a work.

The operas performed during the week were:—the *Figlia del Reggimento*, followed by the second and third acts of *Masaniello* (Monday); *Medea* (Tuesday); and *Don Pasquale*, with Mdle. Sessi as Norina (Thursday); to-night we are promised *Il Barbiere*, for the first appearance of Madame Fatti and Signor Mario.

BERGAMO.—An unpublished mass by Donizetti was to be executed shortly in the basilica of Santa Maria. It was given by the composer, when dying, to Signor Dolci, who has just bequeathed it to the charitable community attached to the above church.

* Cherubini's *Medea* must not be confounded with that far inferior opera by Simone Mayr, in which Pasta won so many of her laurels.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

"MEDEA."

The *Sunday Times* thus noticed the performance of Cherubini's masterpiece on Saturday last:—

"*Medea* was played at Covent Garden as announced; and, moreover, was played admirably from first to last. Great care had evidently been taken with the *ensemble*, and the entire opera went with remarkable smoothness. Mlle. Tietjens was again a capital representative of the terrible wife of Jason, and repeated on a new stage the triumphs gained on that of the 'old house.' We need not discuss the details of her performance. Enough that it alike justified and explained her monopoly of the part. She was enthusiastically applauded and several times recalled. Herr Gunz was an artistic Jason, looking the character well, and singing in a manner open to but little reproach. The Creon of Signor Baggiolo was somewhat tame, but the Dirce of Mlle. Bauermeister and the Neris of Mlle. Scalchi gave much satisfaction. What an effect the glorious music made upon all who had hearts to feel, and the brains to comprehend its height and depth, the amateur can imagine. Hearing it, *Traviata* and *Lucia* were thought of as one thinks of tenth-rate stars at noonday with this difference—tenth-rate stars we know to be suns, *Traviata* and *Lucia* we know to be as small as they look."

The following is part of a long article on the same subject which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"True art is imperishable," wrote Beethoven to Cherubini, in a letter which the Italian composer said he never received—which, at any rate, he never answered—and the true artist feels sincere pleasure in grand works of genius, and that is what enchants me when I hear a new composition of yours: in fact, I take greater interest in it than in my own; in short, I love and honour you." A justification of these emphatic words was presented at Covent Garden on Saturday, by the performance of Cherubini's sublime *Medea*, hearing which it was impossible to believe Beethoven guilty of mere compliment. The author of *Fidelio* might well appreciate the author of *Medea*, since the two works have much in common—a common grandeur, for example, and now, unhappily, the common fate of occasional revival *au pis-aller*. We cannot assume that either is put upon the stage for its own sake. The general public cares little for them; and only when circumstances make valuable the support of a classical minority are these matchless works forthcoming. We have reason, therefore, to be grateful to circumstances for that which, otherwise, we might have vainly desired. 'It is a great loss to art,' said Beethoven, in the letter already quoted, 'not to possess any fresh production of your genius for the theatre.' Who will deny that every performance of *Medea* is a great gain, to be thankfully accepted, no matter what the circumstances under which it is given?

"Opera-goers do not need to be told that *Medea* forms one of the splendid series of revivals which distinguished Mr. Mapleson's management of Her Majesty Theatre; nor is it necessary to remind them of its fine performance under the direction of Signor Arditi, whose added recitatives are not unworthy to be associated with Cherubini's music. In after-time, perhaps, when *Medea* shall have taken its rightful place, the Haymarket revival will be more highly esteemed than at present. Anyhow, it revealed to those who had eyes to see what a great dramatic genius was the surly Florentine composer, and what a store of wealth he laid up for the better days when dramatic music of the highest class shall be esteemed as it deserves. How the work was received when first brought out at the Salle Feydeau, in 1797, let the following tame criticism from *Le Censeur* prove:—'The music, by Cherubini, is often melodious, and sometimes forcible; but we find reminiscences and imitations of the manner of Méhul.' French jealousy of Italian art (in this case more German than Italian) may have dictated the remarks which, however, a Frenchman—none other than Méhul himself—quickly repudiated. 'O, *Censeur*,' said the gifted composer, 'thou knowest not this great artist. I know him, and admire him because I know him. I say, and will prove to all Europe, that the author of *Démophon*, of *Lodoiska*, of *Elisa*, and of *Medea* has no need to imitate in order to be by turns elegant, expressive, graceful, and tragic; to be, in fine, that Cherubini whom some persons call a copyist, while they forget not to imitate him, badly, on every occasion.' Beethoven and Méhul both knew *Medea*, and so did Mendelssohn, whose definition of Cherubini as a 'splendid old man' is so often quoted; but it is time to show that the masterpiece of the Florentine has had its adverse critics. Mr. H. F. Chorley considers it as suffering from the individual nature of Cherubini, 'to which sweetness (as distinguished from dryness) seems to have been sparingly given.' Without stopping to ask the precise meaning of terms more intelligible when applied to champagne, we go on to say that the same authority talks about the 'dryness and insufficient interest' of Dirce's air, the 'weakness' of that of Jason, the 'bit-by-bit settings of single words' in *Medea*'s passionate address to her husband, and much other of a like sort. Hence the worship of *Medea* by classicists is not an ignorant worship. Mr. Chorley has pointed out deformity in the idol. We doubt, nevertheless, whether much consciousness of deformity existed in the minds of Saturday's audience. The opera was played in capital style from first to last, and the grandeur of the music produced its full effect. We take Mr. Chorley's word that there are

spots on the face of this sun of the lyric drama; but, as nobody went provided with smoked glass, nobody was affected by them."

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Under this heading we read in the *Sunday Times*:—

"At the third concert, given in St. James's Hall on Monday, the symphonies played were Schumann's No. 3 in E flat, and Beethoven's No. 7 in A. We have had, on several occasions, to discuss the merits of the former, and need not recapitulate our opinions concerning it. What the audience thought of the work can only be guessed by the applause bestowed in large measure on the first three movements; and in less measure on the fourth and fifth. That there was any falling off cannot be attributed to Mr. Macfarren, the writer of the annotated programme, who lectured his readers with enthusiasm on the merits of what they heard. We doubt the propriety of such a course; at all events when the music in hand forms a subject of strong contention. An anti-Schumannite at last Monday's concert would probably have felt annoyance at purchasing a programme, and finding a lecture. Beethoven's symphony we can pass with the simple statement that it was not perfectly played. The music, however, is such that even an imperfect rendering confers pleasure in no ordinary degree. Mendelssohn's *Melusine*, and Cherubini's *Anacreon* were the overtures, both of which had a capital rendering. Though in very different styles, these two works are masterpieces of skill and invention. No amount of pains can be thrown away upon their preparation. Madame Schumann gave Beethoven's concerto in G with her wonted effect. Stimulated, perhaps, by the hearty reception awarded her, she played with uncommon energy, and laboured hard to bring out all the profound meaning of the music. In this respect she evidently satisfied the majority present, who applauded her with heartiness which could only come of real or fancied conviction that a great thing had been done. The orchestral accompaniments were satisfactory, and Mr. Cusins conducted the work, as he did the entire concert, with care and discretion. The vocalists were Madame Monbelli and Dr. Gunz. Madame Monbelli sang 'Bel raggio' in excellent style, and Dr. Gunz laboured zealously at an exhausting air from Wagner's *Meistersinger*. For the energy with which he strove against Herr Wagner's oppressive accompaniment he was applauded and recalled."

On the same subject the *Athenæum* discourses thus:—

"At the Philharmonic Society's third concert on Monday, the symphonies were Schumann's in E flat ('Rienish') and Beethoven's in A (No. 7). The first was played better than the second, for reasons sufficiently obvious—it was the less familiar, and took up most of the one rehearsal, which is all our historical society can afford. Will the day ever come when the production of a great work shall be a matter of loving care, and not a mere question of how to make it pass muster? The overtures were Mendelssohn's *Melusine* and Cherubini's *Anacreon*, the first of which gave unqualified satisfaction. Some such result the compiler of the annotated programme must have assumed, as he thought unnecessary even a portion of the elaborate puffery with which Schumann's work was supported. Madame Schumann played Beethoven's concerto in G in a style not likely to be forgotten by the audience. Her task was a hard one, but the wrestling of the distinguished German pianist prevailed; she overcame the concerto, and was summoned back to be congratulated upon her victory. Madame Monbelli and Dr. Gunz were the vocalists, the latter introducing a 'Prieslied' from Wagner's *Meistersinger* with some effect. Madame Monbelli made a great success with 'Bel raggio.'"

MR. MANNS'S CONCERT.

With reference to this event, the *Sunday Times* says:—

The programme opened with Mozart's overture to the little opera, *Die Schauspiel Director*, which alone survives of all the numbers in the work. It has frequently been performed, and, though of a light Italian style, is held in high esteem. But Mozart could hardly write other than immortal music. Beethoven's symphony in A (No. 7) was magnificently played by the augmented band of 100 performers. Rarely have the beauties so profusely scattered throughout this work been more worthily revealed, and rarely has any performance made so great a sensation. How long and how loud was the applause that followed each movement may be imagined. Madame Schumann's rendering of Weber's *Concertstück* was distinguished by energy to an uncommon degree. For the sake of a great name and a famous past, we wish it were possible to say that Madame Schumann played faultlessly. This, however, cannot be done, Madame Schumann is nevertheless an artist, and her artistic qualities cannot be obscured even by failing powers. It was possible, therefore, to sympathize fully with the applause and recall which rewarded her performance. We must withhold approvals altogether from Bach's violin prelude in E minor, as dressed up for sensation lovers by a German music director named Herr Stör. This gentleman, whose bump of veneration would probably escape the sensitive fingers of the best phenologist, has arranged the prelude for a number of violins, with an orchestral accompaniment entirely his own. This is enough for us, without discussing the merits of Herr Stör's work. Let us hope that the German music-director will find something better to do in future. Mr. Manns ought, also, to come under censure for adapting his countryman's hash. A novelty was the ballet-music to Mendelssohn's *Wedding of Comacho* which could not fail to interest, apart from the grace of the music, as it was

played in public for the first time. By little and little, in the course of long years, we shall know all that the composer did—a desirable thing even though not all should prove worthy his fame. The orchestral selection ended with the overture to *Oberon*."

THE MUSIC OF EASTER AND HOLY WEEK.

(From the "Choir," April 30.)

The recurrence of the Easter Festival, and of the preceding days so full of solemn memories, has served once more to bring out into strong contrast the diverse methods adopted by churchmen to celebrate the sorrows of the Holy Week, and the joys of the Feast which comes at its close. That there has been a notable increase in the number of churches where both the ritual and the music have been coloured by the associations of these great seasons is a matter for intense satisfaction, not only on account of the corresponding devotion kindled among congregations, but because such a fact may be accepted as a sign of the growing tendency to utilize the arts as the handmaidens of religion. But while the proportion of services which have been thus distinguished by some semblance at least of harmony between the teaching of the clergy and that which is poured into the ear of the worshipper or meets his eye, there is still a very large number of places where, as far as sound and colour are concerned, the year passes by with its fasts and feasts alike unnoticed, while the world outside loses no opportunity of turning to the best account the natural sympathies which crave for variety and abhor monotony. That such should be the case is only another proof of the blindness of our teachers. To ignore the seven gateways of knowledge, whether in things human or divine, and to attempt to reach the mind or soul by one, or at the best by a few, only of the means so unmistakably provided for this very object, is indeed an act of egregious folly against which our modern renaissance is a standing protest, and yet those who, by a liberal education, and some acquaintance, at least, with the history of art, ancient and modern, might be supposed to have been proof against the temptation to commit the error, are in too many cases the first to fall into it. It is, indeed, only on the assumption that all secondary means, such as music and ritual, using the latter word in its widest sense as inclusive of every form of art decoration, are either useless or injurious that we can account for this blind indifference to their powers which characterizes so many of the clergy, and places before the people a series of services varying little if at all in their surroundings from one year's end to the other. How otherwise can the phenomenon be explained that in many churches throughout England, there has not been the slightest effort on the part of those in authority to mark, by any appeal to the eye or ear, the great events which have just been commemorated? How else can we explain the anomaly that while in almost every other church in Christendom the opposite has been the rule, while in Paris scarcely a consecrated building has been without its signs of woe and joy, while Lutherans have their *Passion* music and Roman Catholics their solemn offices so admirably fitting in with the teaching of their Church, we in England have been practically left without those aids to devotion which in many cases are essential and in nearly all desirable as a means of reaching the heart? That they can be made use of by the most faithful sons of the English Church without doing violence in the slightest degree to her authority, or acting in opposition to her spirit of adherence to primitive tradition we firmly believe, in fact it may be said that in those instances where such an endeavour to utilize art is consistently made we may expect to find the nearest approach to Prayer Book rule. That such a system has its dangers is of course perfectly true, and that over-decoration and an undue use of music may be the result of an attempt thus to bring the teaching of the services into unison with the lessons from the pulpit when irresolute hands and weak heads are at the helm is undeniable, but to allow this to prevent the pursuit of what is in itself legitimate and desirable would be merely a symptom of that same lack of self-control which necessitates the use of pledges and other restraints, and it therefore merits but little consideration. It is nevertheless extensively acted on and requires a consistent and at the same time a careful course of conduct on the part of those who are able to reason and act on sounder principles in order to convince men who, to escape the danger of one extreme, fly into the other.

But while many of the clergy thus make no attempt to act on any canons but those summed up in the formula that "what is right," others show an equal want of appreciation of the powers of music and decorative art by an entire exclusion of both at penitential seasons, such as Good Friday. To thrust music aside at a time when its noblest parts should come into play is of course an absurdity, it is in fact to assert that the divine art is only capable of expressing joy,—a monstrous perversion of the truth, betraying also an utter ignorance of the greatest masterpieces of our noblest composers. And yet such a proceeding can be easily accounted for. Feeling that the whole tone of the services

should be cast as it were in a minor key, men proceed to the opposite extreme and not only banish the organ, which, if the choir were competent to sing without its support, might be a judicious proceeding, but they go so far in some places as to relegate the whole service to the parson and clerk duet, or the cacophonous mumble of the congregation in the colloquial tone of voice. Thus the passage from the sublime to the ridiculous is spanned at once, and that which might be so full of holy influences is reduced to a miserable jargon, expressive of nothing, and calculated only to weary instead of to impress the mind with feelings suited to the time and place. It is, we think, well worthy of consideration whether this total exclusion of music from the services on Good Friday may not have had much to do with the too common desecration of that solemn day, and whether the increasing reverence which is being shown to it is not largely owing to the growth of a wiser appreciation on the part of some of our clergy of the capability of the choral service to suit itself to times of penitence and mourning as well as to the jubilation of Easter and Christmas. At any rate, judging from results, there can be no question which method is better calculated to draw people to church, and this, after all, is the great object. In this, then, as in all else, "the golden mean the Church's praise and glory is," and wise are those who endeavour to reach it. For a man with the Prayer Book in his hand, so full of its ever varying key-notes sounding forth to those who are willing to listen, to neglect these signs of light and shade is indeed a fatal mistake, and we gladly hail every sign of the dawn of a better day. That it is at hand we do not doubt, and there is in the chants, the hymn tunes, the anthem, the organ voluntary, and far more in the choral celebration and processional hymn an unfailing provision for all legitimate developments of this musical expression which we desiderate. Until it is more general we believe one of the greatest and most important means of enabling the Church to fulfil her mission will be neglected, and we therefore regard every step in the right direction with satisfaction.

THE PIANOFORTE—ITS HISTORY.*

An instrument so universal, and holding so prominent a place in our homes and concert rooms, as the pianoforte, deserves to have its history written. Hence the valuable little work before us requires no apology for its existence, but rather may count upon a welcome from all who are interested in music. As Mr. Brinsmead goes back to the earliest time, his field of operations is a wide one. It is, however, judiciously occupied. Such records as we possess of ancient stringed instruments are condensed and put together in a lucid manner, preparatory to a fuller account of the modern piano in all its stages, from the Clavichord through the Clavichord, Virginal, Spinnet, and Harpsichord. Mr. Brinsmead has done this latter and more important part of his work in admirable style. He writes clearly and succinctly; bringing, moreover, great practical knowledge to descriptions where it is of the utmost value. Engravings are plentiful throughout the volume, and add much to its value. We need not quote from Mr. Brinsmead's work, nor even give an outline of its contents, because everybody interested in the piano will read it for themselves.

VIENNA.—According to report, Herr Herbeck has resigned his post as conductor of the Society of the Friends of Music, after having held it, with the best results to the Society, for years. This step was not wholly unexpected, as, since his appointment at the Imperial Opera-house, he had more duties than he could possibly get through.

WEIMAR.—At the approaching Beethoven Festival, Professor Riedel, from Leipsic, will conduct the *Missa Solennis*, Beethoven; and Professor Müller-Hartung will conduct *Beethoven*, a Festival Cantata, by the Abbate Franz Liszt, who, then, suddenly changing his character, like Harpagon's coachman, in *L'Avare*, will cease to be the composer and appear as the conductor, in which capacity he will conduct Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

DRESDEN.—The King of Saxony has conferred the cross of chevalier of the Albert Order upon Herr G. A. Heinze, of Amsterdam, for the latter's oratorio, *Sancta Cæcilia*. His Majesty has, also, bestowed on Mme. Kainz-Prause, of the Royal Opera-house, the title of "*Kammersängerin*." In England, where people go in for "solid pudding," to speak metaphorically, it is probable that no very high value would be attached to either of the above marks of royal satisfaction, especially the latter. But German taste differs from English taste. Mme. "*Königlich-Sächsische Kammersängerin*" Kainz-Prause is, doubtless, as proud of her new title as the wife of the chief Magistrate of London is pleased with the delicious words, "Your Ladyship." These, however, are available like return tickets on a railway, only for a limited period, whereas once a "*Kammersängerin*" always a "*Kammersängerin*."

* *The History of the Pianoforte*, with an Account of Ancient Music and Musical Instruments. By Edgar Brinsmead. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

The operas during last week were *Faust*, *Rigoletto*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Owing to the illness of one of the principal singers cast for Weber's *Abu Hassan* and Mozart's *Oca del Cairo*—which were to have been given, for the first time on the Italian stage, in London or elsewhere, on Saturday night—*Rigoletto* was again performed.

About the *Flauto Magico*, produced at this house as at the other, little need be said. The chief parts are sustained in the great majority of instances by artists whose excellence in them has long been recognized. The Queen of Night of Mdle. Ilma di Murska has a weird charm about it which places it apart from all other impersonations of the character, and her execution of the two great airs, more especially of the last, "Gli angeli d'inferno," has probably not been equalled since the time of Madame Anna Zerr, who, in spite of the elevated diapason that has now for very many years obtained, used to sing both of them in Mozart's original keys. Signor Gardoni's Tamino is one of the best imaginable, and his singing of that Orphean melody, "O cara imagine," is irreproachable. Mr. Santley's Papageno improves year by year as a life-like dramatic impersonation; while, on the other hand, if Mozart could have heard his exquisitely tuneful music thus sung (which, with Schickaneder, the first Papageno, was not likely), he might possibly have been moved to compose an opera expressly for our English baritone. Signor Foli imparts all the requisite gravity to the impressive music of the high priest, Sarastro; Mdle. Monbelli makes a charming and sprightly Papagena, in the duet with Papageno, surprising by a display of stage vivacity for which her Rosina had not prepared us; and Mr. C. Lyall, in the grotesque personage of Monostatos, chief of the black slaves, exhibits a comic humour very rare in those to whom minor parts in opera are ordinarily allotted. Madame Sinico, who now assumes the character of Pamina for the first time in London, acquires herself like the studied musician and intelligent actress she is; while all the subordinate parts, including the three good geni, the three attendants on the Queen of Night, &c., are competently represented. The orchestra, under Signor Arditi, is effective throughout; and the new chorus, remarkable for the vigour and freshness of the voices that compose it, finds ample opportunity in Mozart's picturesque and varied music for effective display.

The *Flauto* was very shortly followed by the *Nozze di Figaro*. Assuredly Mozart and "classical" opera are, at the present period, so much in the ascendant that amateurs of the opera who can be tempted by no other attraction must dread the advent of Patti, Mario, Nilsson, Lucca, and the "stars" in general—who, being self-luminous, lend their light to, instead of borrowing it from, the music through the medium of which they condescend to shine. *Le Nozze* might be dismissed as briefly as *Il Flauto*, but for the fact that there were two or three novelties in the cast of the *dramatis personæ*. About the Susanna of Madame Sinico, the Count Almaviva of Mr. Santley, the Figaro of Signor Gassier, and the Basilio of Mr. Lyall, there is nothing new to be said. Each is admirable in its way, but each is too familiar to the operatic public to stand in any need of description. The part of the Countess Almaviva, who, while always lamenting past happiness, is never backward at joining in a little intrigue, was supported by Mdle. Reboux, who acted it with lady-like dignity and graceful intelligence, and except in the quick movement of "Dove sono," sing the music effectively throughout. Her "Porgi amor" was full of true and unaffected expression. The amorous, seducing, and mischievous page, Cherubino, was impersonated by Madame Monbelli, who again was more to be commended for her refined and artistic singing than for her histrionic delineation of the part. Nothing could be more musically perfect than this accomplished lady's delivery of "Voi che sapete," which, and no wonder, she was compelled to sing twice. Moreover, the voice of Madame Monbelli is the voice for which Mozart wrote his music—a manifest advantage. Signor Castelli made a very good Don Bartolo, singing with great spirit the fine air, "La vendetta," which clearly inspired Rossini while writing the scarcely less striking "La calunnia;" and Signor Zoboli was characteristically drunken "gardener." The parts of Marcellina and Don Curzio were fairly sustained by Madame Corsi and Signor Rinaldini. The execution of the opera generally, from the overture to the end, was almost all that could be wished. What the chorus had to do was thoroughly well done, and we have again to thank Signor Arditi for restoring the quaint *fandango*, which gives needful variety and helps to complete the design of the *finale* to the scene where Count and Countess Almaviva preside at the festivities in honour of the wedding of Figaro with Susanna. The other encore of the evening was, as usual, "Crudel! perche"—the duet between the Count and Susanna (Mr. Santley and Madame Sinico).

A line or two must suffice to record that, on Tuesday night, Bellini's charming pastoral (and best opera), *La Sonnambula*, was performed, with an efficient cast of the *dramatis personæ*, and a result in every way satisfactory. The Amina of the evening was Mdle. Ilma di Murska, one of the most consummate representatives of that very engaging operatic

heroine now upon the stage. When the gifted Hungarian lady first played Amina—at Her Majesty's Theatre, some five years ago, during the season which introduced her to the London public—the merits of her impersonation were ungrudgingly and unanimously admitted. But since that period she has progressed, both as an actress and as a singer. We may say, indeed, with justice, that Mdle. di Murska has never sung so uniformly well as she is singing now. Her acting and general demeanour on the boards were from the first remarkable for intelligence; and the rare faculty of being able to throw herself entirely into the character assigned to her was evident in all she attempted, whether as Lucia, Linda, Dinorah, or Isabella. Though Mdle. di Murska, the singer, could hardly be mistaken, Mdle. di Murska, the actress, was only recognized as the personage she assumed. It has been said that she principally excels in the delineation of parts the culminating point of histrionic interest in which is mental derangement—Lucia, Linda, and Dinorah being fairly cited as examples. In a measure this is true; but that she is also capable of giving poetical embodiment to characters with which mental derangement has nothing to do is unanswerably shown by her Amina. Somnambulism is not madness; and Mdle. di Murska can sing under the semblance of sleep just as impressively as, with deranged costume and dishevelled hair, she can sing under the semblance of madness—aye, and act as well. We are not going to describe her Amina again. The task would be superfluous. Enough that from "Care Compagne," with its brilliant sequel, "Come per me sereno" (Act I), to "Ah! non credea mirarti," with its still more brilliant peroration, "Ah, non giunge"—both of which were given with a fluency, taste, and expression that left nothing to desire—her efforts were thoroughly successful, that she was applauded again and again, and recalled after every act.

Mdle. di Murska was well supported by Signor Mongini (Elvino), Signor Foli (Rodolfo), Mdle. Vinta, a young and promising English artist, favourably known in our concert-rooms (Lisa), Madame Corsi (Teresa), and Signor Zoboli (Alessio).

Signor Arditi conducted—a guarantee that the general performance, wherever orchestra and chorus are concerned, would be effective. The attraction of *La Sonnambula* seems to be perennial; the house was the best of the season.

The other operas this week have been *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Monday), and the *Sonnambula*, (Thursday)—the two German operas having again been postponed, in consequence of the continued illness of Signor Gassier. Meanwhile, it is understood that *Robert le Diable* is in preparation for Mdle. Christine Nilsson, as Alice—a part which the popular Swedish songstress has recently been playing in Paris, but which she has never before essayed in London.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.

Elijah was performed under Mr. Joseph Barnby's direction, in St. James's Hall last Wednesday week, and, as a matter of course, attracted a large audience. The masterpiece of Mendelssohn, like the *chef d'œuvre* of Handel, never fails to assert its hold on the public mind, and the more frequent its hearing the more absolute does that assertion become. Who, knowing the work, would have the case otherwise? The performance was, on the whole, good; both band and chorus doing their work in excellent style. More than usual effect was made by the latter in those numbers which, like "He watching over Israel," gave scope for the good training of the voices to display itself. The principal soloists were Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Patey, Mr. Mason (in place of Mr. Vernon Rigby, absent through illness), and Herr Stepan. We need not say a word in Madame Rudersdorff's praise, though we could say many. Her rendering of the soprano music in *Elijah* long since reached the highest point of excellence, and in that position it is generally acknowledged and appreciated. We must, nevertheless, point out again the perfection she displays in the scene of Elijah's greatest miracle. More intense expression could hardly be desired. Madame Patey was, as usual, excellent, and there was a strong disposition to encore "O rest in the Lord." As Mr. Mason essayed the tenor music at a few minutes' notice it would be unfair to criticise his efforts, or to speak of them in any other spirit than that of commendation. Herr Stepan had much to do as Elijah, and did it in his best manner. His voice may not be so fresh as it once was, and his pronunciation of English may appeal sometimes to the risible muscles, but generally, he leaves no doubt of the fact that an artist is in presence.

At the next concert Mr. Barnby's new cantata, *Rebekah*, will be produced. We have reason to believe that the music will enhance its composer's reputation in no small degree.

ATHENS.—The Greek National Hymn, a new composition by Herr von Adelburg, was recently performed for the first time in the presence of the King. We trust that the dying groans of the travellers so foully murdered lately have been introduced among its strains.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Beethoven Recitals.

1870.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his TENTH SERIES of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

Friday, May 13,	Friday, June 10,
Friday, May 20,	Friday, June 17,
Friday, May 27,	Friday, June 24,
Friday, June 3,	

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The present year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, who came into the world, at Bonn, on the Rhine, December 17, 1770, Mr. Hallé considers it becoming and appropriate to devote his forthcoming series of Recitals exclusively to the music of that illustrious composer.

The programmes will, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m. Mr. Hallé will be assisted at all the Recitals by

HERR STOCKHAUSEN.

who will sing four of Schubert's collection of songs entitled "The Fair Maid of the Mill," at each of the five first concerts, accompanied by Mr. Hallé.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the sonatas will, as on previous occasions, accompany the programmes.

THE SECOND RECITAL

WILL TAKE PLACE ON
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 13TH, 1870,
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SONATA, in C minor, No. 1, Op. 10	Beethoven.
Songs, { "Das Wandern" (Wandering) }	Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. Schubert.
Songs, { "Wohnen" (Whither) }	Beethoven.
SONATA, No. 2, Op. 10	Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA, No. 3, Op. 10	Beethoven.
Songs, { "Halt" (Stop) }	Schubert.
Songs, { "Danksagung an den Bach" (Thanks giving to the Brook) }	Herr STOCKHAUSEN.
SONATA PATHETIQUE, Op. 13	Beethoven.

Prices of Admission (for the Series)—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), £2 2s.; Balcony, £1.

For One Recital—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.
Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 59, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheap-side; Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

DEATH.

On the 21st April, at her residence, Meyderwell, Traloe, at an advanced age, Mrs. SIMPSON, formerly a popular music teacher in that town.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KIBADLIENNE (Waterford).—We can hardly give a general answer to your question, because the circumstances vary. You had better enquire with regard to particular cases.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1870.

O, BRAVE NOR-EASTER.

LET this heading should cause a moment's misapprehension we hasten to disclaim the slightest sympathy with nor-easters. So far there are people who would have not the slightest sympathy with us. The fashion among them is to love everything

that comes either from the dexter or the sinister side of the North Pole; and if we might believe their words, there is nothing under heaven so heavenly as buffeting with a stiff current of air from the arctic regions. Of this sect Charles Kingsley is the prophet (see his address to the nor-easter *passim*); but the sect itself is only a branch of one much larger. We live in times when craving for sensation has led to the preaching of the gospel of uncomfortableness. The shortest road to heaven was once thought to be through thorns, briars, bogs, morasses, quags, and swamps. Hence there was a wonderful mortification of the poor body, and the land swarmed with saints more or less like him of the pillar. The body, now, is exalted into an object of worship, and not made the scape-goat of the soul. But none the less is it mortified. According to some preachers it should be treated as thoroughly invulnerable, and as equal to any demands made upon it. The heroes of those preachers are the most uncomfortable because most unnatural persons we know. It is impossible to hear about them without shame of face that we have not attained to an equal contempt of the ordinary conditions of life. The embodiment of corporeal divinity can jump from a bridge twenty feet high, fish four young ladies out of the water, change his clothes at the usual time, and use no more than the customary number of pocket handkerchiefs next day. A doctor he looks upon as a superior kind of "vet," with whom he cannot possibly have anything to do; and as he never dies (marrying happily at the close of his three-volume career), we presume that he is translated to some "happy hunting grounds," where the swamps are especially swampy, and the chase is never ended. One cannot look at these modern Achilles's (heel not excepted) without furious envy;—hence their uncomfortableness. Imagine a man with vivid reminiscences of catarrh seeing another "come up smiling" after a deadly bout with a nor-easter! The sight cannot be endured by generous souls, who, forthwith, do a number of stupidly emulative things, and end by resorting to mustard-plasters and hot water. Hence it is becoming a sign of weakness to wear a great-coat when the thermometer is below 30°; to ride inside an omnibus when the rain has thoroughly damped the outside cushions, and, generally, to do anything assuming the heirship of flesh to any climatic ills whatever. All this, we need scarcely say, is vanity and vexation of body, if not of spirit. If "no man, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature," neither can any man, by bravado, make himself pachydermatous enough to keep out the subtle influences of a nor-easter. Don Quixote charged the windmill and came to grief; defy a nor-easter and you are laid up by the heels yet more effectually.

Appropos is all the foregoing of certain operative phenomena just now visible. The winds of an English May (most charming of months in poetry) have had their legitimate effect on more than one artist, to the upsetting of managerial schemes, and the disappointment of expectant auditors. We wish to bespeak a little consideration for managers and artists in such cases. With regard to them, public instinct is always uncharitable. The first impulse is to disbelieve the story told, and the next, to be angry because it is true. Nevertheless, artistic humanity is liable to catarrh, and hoarseness is no respecter of persons. Bear this in mind, good public, even such of you as affect to ignore the weakness of flesh and blood. Bearing it in mind, be charitable, and accept whatever is the result with resignation.

MR. BENEDICT returned from Paris on Monday, after the successful production of his *St. Cecilia*, with Mdle. Christine Nilsson as the fair and suffering saint. On Tuesday Mr. Benedict directed the concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. The activity of this genuine artist is indomitable.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE Italian Government have christened a new ship "Il Gioachino Rossini." Our Board of Admiralty, who, judging from the catalogue of birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles in the Navy List have exhausted available titles, might take a hint. Mr. Childers, striking out a new course in naval nomenclature, might baptize the next ironclad as "the Sterndale Bennett."

On the 18th June, 1821, Weber's opera of *Der Freischütz* was produced at Berlin for the first time on any stage. On the 4th August, in the following year, it was brought out at Hesse-Darmstadt. The disputes to which it gave rise among musical theoreticians have long been forgotten, and the work, which, as far back as 1858, had been performed more than three hundred times in Berlin, has now become a thorough German-folk's opera. On the 19th April it was performed in Darmstadt for the hundredth time. The management evinced their reverential feeling by doing all they could in the way of new scenery, dresses, etc., to render the performance as complete as possible.

We take the following from the letter of the *Times* Paris correspondent, May 2:—

"Nilsson's benefit, generously transferred by her to the needy and suffering of the profession she in every way adorns, came off last night with very great *clat*. Although the prices were high, the great Opera-house was crowded. It had been reported the Emperor and Empress would go, and it is a pity they did not. The event of the evening was Benedict's *Legend of St. Cecilia*, which came first after the overture. The principal part in that fine cantata was taken by Nilsson. She sang her best—that is to say, as few have ever sung before her—and did full justice to the very beautiful music. One could have wished her better supported. Faure sang out of tune, and as for the tenor, Collin, he is really not up to the mark, and one feels surprised to see him occupying the place he does on the first lyric stage in France. The choruses, which are, perhaps, the finest things in the cantata, were well sung. Benedict's excellent music was listened to with great and respectful attention, but the applause at its close was less enthusiastic than it would have been in some other capitals I could name. The opera of *Faust*, and the fourth act of *Hamlet* concluded the evening's performance. The receipts are stated this morning at 19,458 francs, besides the Emperor's 1,000 francs, and 500 francs from M. Maurice Richard, the Minister of Fine Arts, who, having lately married a lady with a dowry of three millions, can afford these little liberalities. Mdlle. Nilsson sings to-morrow in *Hamlet*, for the last time in Paris, and shortly leaves for America. After her triumphant campaign and its charitable finale, it is not too much to say that she will depart laden with praise and blessings."

If the law of international copyright between England and France should be revised it will be just to include in the Act some precise definition of the word "translation." At present that word is interpreted differently in England and in France. In France *La Figlia del Reggimento* is looked upon as a translation of *La Fille du Régiment*; *L'Elisir d'Amore* as a translation of *Le Philtre*; yet in both Italianized versions the names of characters and localities, as well as the language of the dialogue, become Italian. The Théâtre Italien was recently obliged to purchase from the Opéra Comique the right of performing an Italian version of *La Fille du Régiment*. The Opéra Comique, desirous of performing *L'Elisir d'Amore*, cannot do so without permission of the Grand Opéra, to whose repertoire *Le Philtre* belongs; indeed, that permission withheld, a new libretto in the French language is being written to Donizetti's music. Thus we may infer that a Gallicized version of an English dramatic work would be in France a translation; whereas an Anglicized version of a French work is not so in England. Some modification is needed of that condition in the International Copyright Act which, to secure protection, requires the publication, within a stipulated time, of a translation which Vice-Chancellor James says must be "complete and literal" of the work to be protected. This is a condition which, as Vice-Chancellor James interprets it, had never been complied with. Most published translations of French works are incomplete, none literal. How could complete translations of Michelet's recent books, half sentimental, half physiological; of *Les Misérables*, and *L'Homme qui rit*, be published in England? The published translations of the works

named have been purposely left incomplete. Therefore, according to Vice-Chancellor James's ruling, no copyright can be claimed; nor, in practice, would it have been possible to secure copyright, inasmuch as the works in question contain passages which no English publisher would allow to appear in an edition bearing his name.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE St. Cecilia Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt, gave a "members' concert" on Monday evening week, at the Grafton Hall, Fitzroy Square, when Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and a miscellaneous selection, were performed. The solos in the former were sung by Mdlle. Laura Baxter, Miss Burgess, and Miss Flora Crivelli, pupil of Mdlle. Baxter. The chorus was efficient. Mr. Theophilus Jones presided at the pianoforte.

SIGNORINA EMILY TAYLOR, on Tuesday, gave her evening concert at St. George's Hall, under the patronage of Sir Roderick Murchison. She played several solos, by Liszt, Beethoven, Thalberg, Mozart, Ascher, &c., in all of which she produced an effect pleasing to her friends, who loudly applauded her. Her best effort was in Ascher's "Alice," which was received with much favour. The *bénéficiaire* was assisted by Madame Blanche Reeves, Miss A. Strangways, Mdlle. Lina Mocca, with Messrs. Alfred Baylis and Frederic Penna. The three latter artists gave Randegger's trio, "I Naviganti," with much spirit and effect. A duet by Lilos, "La Giovinezza," by Messrs. Baylis and Penna, pleased uncommonly, as did Beethoven's "Adelaide," sung most artistically by Mr. Alfred Baylis, who was ably seconded in the accompaniment by Mr. Francesco Berger. Mdlle. Lina Mocca sang two Italian cavatinas; and Signora De Bona played two brilliant solos on the violin, and Herr Schubert the same on the violoncello, in their usual style. Mr. Francesco Berger, Herr Schubert, and Signor Deostella were the conductors.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY's first evening concert, connected with which was a dramatic performance, took place in St. George's Hall on Wednesday week. Mr. G. Perren sang with great taste and expression Barker's ballad, "The Irish Emigrant," and a song of his own, "When first the bells," being recalled after the former and narrowly escaping an encore in the latter. The Mdlles. Siedle sang two duets. Miss Blanche Cole gave Rode's air with variations, and a canonet by Stanislas, "Fairy Breeze," with good effect. The singing of Donizetti's cavatina, "Regnare nel Silenzio," by Mdlle. Julie Lesca, was warmly applauded. The concert-giver herself contributed Rockstro's song, "A year ago," and Thomas's Welsh air, "The Ash Grove," with harp accompaniment by Mr. John Cheshire, receiving and deserving hearty applause after each. Molloy's song, "The Vagabond," was given with much spirit by Mr. Harley Vinning. The pianists were Mr. Charles Malcolm and Herr Boscovitz. The former played a fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the latter a piece of his own, entitled "Valse des Sirens." Mr. John Chester's grand fantasia on *Marta* was received with much favour. The concert was followed by *The Honeymoon*; the principal characters by Messrs. Robinson, Brighton, Dalton, Hamilton, King, Ellis; Miss Marie Somerville, Miss Bessie Mari, and Miss Merrick. The general mounting of the piece was in every respect creditable, and the performance was well received.

THE third concert of the Schubert Society took place on Thursday, 28th April. The first part was devoted to vocal and instrumental compositions by Spohr, including "Love thee" (Mr. Stedman); "The nightingale was in her bower" (Miss Oxley); duet, "Segui, oh cara," *Faust* (Miss Strangways and Mons. Waldeck); solo violin (Herr Ludwig), solo violoncello (Herr Schubert), &c. The second part opened with Rubinstein's grand trio (Op. 52), exceedingly well played by Herr Schratzenholz (pianoforte), Herr Ludwig, and Herr Schubert. The other instrumental pieces were solo guitar, Madame R. Sidney Pratten (encored); duet for violin and pianoforte, Schratzenholz, a charming composition; solo pianoforte, Fantasia, Liszt (Mr. Malcohn); solo violoncello, *Andante religioso*, Goltermann (Herr Schubert); and six ancient German waltzes, collected and re-arranged by M. Schratzenholz. These beautiful old melodies were composed in the 16th and 17th centuries. Nos. 2 and 5 were the most applauded. The vocal pieces included, for the first time, Nesfield's ballad, "Where I fain would be," sung with taste by Miss Amy Strangways; "Pilgrim of love" (Mr. Stedman); "Le printemps," Gounod (Mons. Waldeck); "L'Estasi," Ardit (Miss Oxley); and Schubert's "Beauteous noon." The rooms were as usual crowded. The next vocal *réunion* will take place on the 12th inst., and the next concert on the 20th, when Mr. Benedict's vocal and instrumental compositions will form the first part.

AT Vienna, Gluck's *Orphée* has been produced with marked and encouraging success. When shall we hear the work in England?

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The new season commences to-day with a grand musical festival under the management of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The orchestra will number upwards of three thousand performers. Madame Sinico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Bettini, Signor Gassier, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley, are the principal vocalists. The festival will be conducted by Sir Michael Costa, and the performances will include the first portion of *Elijah*, and a miscellaneous selection, including the overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, Mendelssohn's "O Hills, O Vales," Sir Michael Costa's March from *Naaman*, solos by the principal vocalists, concluding with the National Anthem. The attractions announced this summer are more varied and numerous than ever. The principal features will be eight summer concerts, at which artists engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, Drury Lane, will assist. Two grand Flower Shows will be held on Saturdays, May 21 and June 11, to both of which will be added new features. The Rose Show will be held on Saturday, June 25th, and a magnificent display of some thousands of roses in pots will be made by Mr. W. Paul, from May 28 to June 4. The fireworks, with illumination of fountains will re-commence at the beginning of June, when several novelties will be introduced by Mr. C. T. Brock. Poultry, cage birds, and pigeon shows will also be held later in the season. The Saturday Concerts will be resumed in October under the direction of Mr. Manns. The operatic and dramatic performances will be shortly resumed, when several new works will be played. Other new features will consist of a drill review of school-boys on the 21st June; a great show of dogs on the 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th June; and an exhibition of church decorations and furniture. Although only a few of the season's attractions have been named, they fully warrant the management in vaunting the season ticket—extending, as it does, over a clear twelve months—as the best guinea's worth in the world of entertainment.

FROU-FROU IN CHANCERY.

The cases of Wood v. Chart and others, and Wood v. Wood, was heard in the Vice-Chancellor's Court on Wednesday week, before Vice-Chancellor James. In the former of these suits the bill was filed by Mr. Wood (of the firm of Cramer, Beale, & Wood) against the lessee of the Brighton Theatre (Mr. Chart), Miss Beatrice Binder, and Mr. Horace Wigan, for an infringement of his copyright in the well-known play of *Frou-Frou*. The second suit was against Mrs. John Wood, lessee of the St. James's Theatre. The cases were identical, and were brought on together. The bill states that the play was originally written in French by MM. Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, and these gentlemen shortly afterwards assigned to the plaintiff the sole right of production in Great Britain and Ireland, either in English or French. The translation (by Mr. Sutherland Edwards) was published in the *Musical World* shortly afterwards; and this version was sanctioned by the authors, and published with their approval, in conformity with the requirements of the International Copyright Act, 1852.—Vice-Chancellor James, in giving judgment on Friday, said that with regard to the main point the plaintiff had to make out his title upon the terms of the convention and of the Act of Parliament. The Act required that, in order to give copyright to a foreign author, a copy of the original work must be deposited, and then that "the translation sanctioned by the author, or a part thereof, must be published in the British dominions not later than one year after the registration and deposit in the United Kingdom of the original work, and the whole of such translation must be published within three years of such registration and deposit." Thus it appeared that the whole work must be translated and published within three years and the whole or a part published within one year. Then with regard to dramatic pieces, it is provided that "the translation sanctioned by the author must be published within three calendar months of the registration of the original work." Now, in the first place, it was evident that what was necessary to be published was a translation, not anything in the world which the author might choose to sanction as a translation. But the plaintiff in this instance had gone out of the way to make a pitfall for himself. The original play being in French, he had published in England a comedy called *Like to Like*, being an English version of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's comedy of *Frou-Frou*. He had changed the names of the characters from French to English; he had transferred the scenes to England, he had made adaptations which were necessary, in order to constitute it an English and not a French comedy. The first two acts appeared to be exactly what had been referred to as "an imitation or adaptation to the English stage." The names were changed from French to English, the characters were to some extent transferred to corresponding English characters, the manners were made to differ from English manners, and everything had been left out which was thought to be unsuitable to the English stage. But that was not what was meant or wanted when a translation was spoken of. There would have been no difficulty in the world for the plaintiff to have obtained the full benefit of the Act, if he had employed Mr. Sutherland Edwards to do that which, no doubt, he was perfectly capable of doing, namely, to make a literal translation of the work. If such a translation had been published in this country, it would have been quite open to the plaintiff to have represented the play here, with such abbreviations, excisions, alterations or adaptations as he

might think fit, and his Honour had no doubt if the plaintiff had taken such a step, nobody could without his leave have acted anything like a play so nearly corresponding to *Frou-Frou* as Mr. Edwards's translation was. But as the plaintiff had failed to comply with the first condition that was necessary in order to entitle him to relief, the bill in the first suit must be dismissed with costs; and in the second there would be no order except that the plaintiff pay the defendant the costs of the motion.

PROVINCIAL.

CIRENCESTER.—The subjoined is from a correspondent:—

"The Choral Society gave a performance in the Corn Hall on the evening of April 27th, consisting of selections from *St. Paul* and the *Creation*, with Madame Rita, Messrs. W. H. Cummings and O. Christian as principals, and band and chorus of 70 performers, under the direction of Mr. E. S. Cockton. Mr. Pyne, of Gloucester Cathedral, was pianist. Madame Rita, who possesses a high soprano voice, was several times recalled; Mr. Christian was encoired in 'Rolling in foaming billows;' and Mr. Cummings was compelled to repeat in 'In native worth.' The concert was well patronized, and the manner in which the choruses were given reflected credit alike on the members of the society and their conductor."

READING.—A correspondent from this town writes as follows about a recent performance of the *Messiah*, in the Assembly Rooms, by the Reading Choral Union:—

"The performance was creditable, although some choruses were not so well sung as they ought to have been by so good a body of singers. The solo singers were Madame Emmeline Cole and Miss Fanny Reeves; Messrs. Elliot Galer and Orlando Christian. Madame Emmeline Cole in the recitatives, 'There were Shepherds,' and 'Lo, the Angels,' elicited loud applause, and her voice, no less than her musical proficiency, was much admired. 'Rejoice greatly' and 'Come unto Him' (encored), were excellent performances; and 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' perhaps most excellent of all. Madame Cole has made a genuine impression here. Mr. Orlando Christian's best efforts were 'Why do the nations,' and in the recitative, 'The trumpet shall sound.' Mr. Day was leader of the band, and Mr. W. H. Birch conducted."

NEWPORT (ISLE OF WIGHT).—The St. Thomas's Musical Society, under the conductorship of Mr. Nutter, has given *Elijah* in a style honourable to all concerned. It was the last concert of the season, and will be remembered as one of the best performances of the society. The principal vocalists were Madame Jewell, Miss R. Jewell, Mrs. Kent, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The *Hampshire Advertiser* writes as follows about the performance:—

"Madame Jewell, the soprano of the evening, we seldom heard to more advantage. In the duet with Mr. Lewis Thomas, in the first part, 'Help me, man of God,' there was scope for much good and careful singing, and most notably were these characteristics present in the whole of it; but perhaps her 'Hear ye, Israel' was her happiest effort; it was so, certainly, if applause was any criterion of comparative worth, which we defer to acknowledge as an absolute rule. In the duets with Miss R. Jewell, and in the quartets, the admirable qualities of her voice were in no way hidden, and her share in the lovely 'Cast thy burden' is a thing to remember and sigh for. Miss R. Jewell's share in the performance was, as usual, careful, unassuming, finished, and successful. We shall not easily forget her most exquisite rendering of the air, 'Rest in the Lord,' which was the most applauded of anything in the evening. Mr. Lewis Thomas has not paid us many visits as yet; we wish he may do so, however, for his singing of the whole of the share of *Elijah* was simply scholarly and grand. We wish to notice only one thing more, in the vocal line at least, and that is the most perfect singing of the *terzetto*, in the second part, 'Lift thine eyes,' most carefully and beautifully sung by Madame A. Jewell, Miss R. Jewell, and Mrs. Kent."

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The annual benefit for the Invalids took place recently in the Imperial Theatre, which was crammed to the ceiling. The Emperor and the Imperial Family were present. The number of executants amounted to 1130, namely: 100 singers from the Imperial chapel, 10 instrumental soloists, 600 trumpeters, 50 drummers, and 370 chorus-singers from the regiments of Guards.

BRUSSELS.—The career of *Lohengrin* is now terminated. The next novelty is a three-act comic opera, entitled *Florentin*, which was announced for production last week. The composer, M. Emile Pichoz, is no novice, having already produced various other comic operas, among which may be mentioned *Dans les Gardes Françaises*, et *La Pomme d'Éve*.

SUNDAY MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I trust the article in your paper two weeks since upon the interference of the First Commissioner with regard to the bands in the parks on Sundays will not be the last word you have to say on the subject; for the people in London are powerless against official despotism. We depend upon the press more than ever for the protection of our liberties. For the sake of gaining political support one of the two parties that have hitherto carried on the government of the country is ever ready to surrender a principle. Judging by the self-assertion displayed in Mr. Ayrton's reply to the deputation, he assumes that because he has been appointed to office by the prerogatives of the Sovereign that the rights of the people have been transferred to him personally, as far as concerns his particular charge. He thinks he is master, not servant. These party officials have of late years arrogated absolute power, and all in the name of the people, because a portion of the people may once in seven years elect certain individuals to the House of Commons. The reply would tend to prove that if competitive examinations are necessary for subordinate situations, such trials are more requisite for men who offer themselves for positions where they now exercise the prerogatives of sovereignty. What guarantee have we for the fitness of these party rulers? Is it not absurd that while, as in every business and profession, the servants of the country are obliged to undergo an examination, the servants who hold the highest appointments, and can injure the country most by incapacity, are subjected to none at all. Our members of Parliament and ministers, our ambassadors and governors of colonies, are the only national servants whose fitness is taken upon trust. They are appointed by the House of Commons, the members of which, again, are chosen not on account of proved ability, but simply by weight of purse and length of tongue. I am a voter, but at the last election had only the liberty of choosing one of two candidates, of whose antecedents I could know nothing. I had no proofs of their fitness. The speeches they delivered showed no signs of ability; there was, however, no resource for me but to vote for one, or to abstain from voting. I voted for the one who appeared the most reasonable, but never intended to make him sovereign lord and master in any department of the State. If Mr. Ayrton had said he was appointed trustee of the public by his political party, he would have been correct; but he said he was appointed by law; and he was speaking nonsense, for what has law or even the people to do with his appointment? His assumption of authority was sheer ignorance. With regard to his decree that "dance" music shall not be played—many popular airs, sung now to comic words, were originally solemn church chants; as for instance, "The fine old English gentleman;" and many hymn melodies are German and Swedish popular songs. But it is difficult to prove whether a melody was originally composed for church or street, for mourning or merriment. We have heard of the organ-grinder who bespoke an organ arranged for such English melodies as, played very slow, passed for hymns, and played quick passed for jigs. The Rev. Roland Hill saw no reason why the devil should have all the lively tunes, and recommended his congregation to strike up a hymn to the tune of "My cottage near a wood," quick time, which they did, and found it so pleasing that many Dissenting congregations have adopted it in their chapels; and Mr. Ayrton might hear at any Dissenting chapel holy words sung to the tune of "Champagne Charlie," "We'll be free and easy still," and others. This is a fact pretty well known to your readers if not to Mr. Ayrton. Now, if these music-hall tunes can be sung in Dissenting chapels, why not in the parks? Where is the moral logic of prohibition in park and not in chapel? If Mr. Ayrton's admirers, when they hear the band play some air which they imagine to be a dance, will only think good words to it, they may at once transform it into a hymn, just as, Dissenters in chapel, by singing good words to "Champagne Charlie" transform that song. I hope you will not let this matter drop. I am sure the majority of the people feel as I do on the subject, and endorse all you say.—Yours, &c.,
No HYPOCRITE.

CARLOTTA PATTI AS ASTRAFIAMMANTE.

The *Zauberflöte* was played at the New York Academy of Music lately, and the *Herald* thus speaks of Mdle. Carlotta Patti's Queen of Night:—

"Last night the Academy of Music was crowded from parquet to dome with one of the largest audiences ever assembled within its walls. Every seat was sold at an early hour yesterday and hundreds were compelled either to stand during the performance or go home. The attraction was the first appearance of Mdle. Carlotta Patti in opera. The Queen of Night, whom she represented, has but little need of acting in the two scenes in which she appears, and therefore is adapted to Mdle. Patti. In the first scene the fair cantatrice surprised those who heard her previously in her bird-like warblings alone, by her impassioned address to Tamino, signalized by a broad, distinct, and expressive tone and rendition of the words. In the scene with her daughter she flung forth those wonderful staccato passages, in all of which she seems to hold a patent, and a shower of vocal pearls in the *roulades* in the *finale*. Her phenomenal voice seemed to revel amid the labyrinth of orchestration with which Mozart envelops the passionate mother and rival of Sarastro. The effect on the audience was electric, and the applause spontaneous and deafening."

W A I F S.

Herr Maurice Strakosch has returned to London from Paris.

A *Life and Works of Meyerbeer* has been published in Berlin by Herr Mendel.

Des, a new opera by M. Cohen, was produced at the Opéra Comique on Saturday last.

The Théâtre-Dejazet is to be re-opened with a new operetta by Signor Bottesini.

A new edition of Dr. White's Irish poem, *Comala*, with musical illustrations, is about to appear.

An unpublished mass by Donizetti was to be performed on Thursday last at the church of St. Mary, Bergamo.

Graun's *Passion* was performed at the Berlin Academy of Music on Good Friday. The King and Court attended.

Signor Verdi has left Paris for Buseto. Report says that he has engaged to write a work for the Opéra Comique.

Mr. Max Strakosch is said to have the management of Mdle. Nilsson's approaching tour through the United States.

The death is announced of M. Alexandre Basset, formerly director of the Opéra Comique, and of the journal *La Patrie*.

The new management of Cremorne Gardens has appointed M. Arban, of Paris, musical conductor for the ensuing season.

Mr. Ignace Gibsons the pianist and composer has announced three pianoforte recitals, of his own composition, at St. George's Hall.

Somebody has opened French opera at Madrid, with doubtful prospects of success. *Mignon* is among the works to be performed.

It has been decided to perform *Eymont*, *Fidelio*, and the Choral Symphony at the Vienna celebration of the Beethoven centenary.

A huge musical pic-nic is to take place on Boston Common in June next. Armies of singers are to sing, and much speechifying is to take place.

The members of the St. Cecilia Choral Society have presented Mr. C. J. Hargitt, their conductor, with a gold-mounted baton, as a token of esteem.

The terms offered by M. Carvalho with reference to the Théâtre Lyrique having been refused, that gentleman has withdrawn his candidature.

Died at Berlin, on the 14th inst., at the age of eighty-one, Herr Adam Bader, a tenor whose reputation is chiefly associated with Spontini's operas.

The cantata for voices and orchestra upon which Mr. F. H. Cowen is now engaged will be called *The Rose-Maiden*, and is adapted from a German legend.

Madame Marie Sass had a row with her manager on the occasion of her last Milan performance. She insisted on being paid beforehand, and got the money.

A chief workman in the piano-making firm of Herz & Co., Paris, has been named a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, on account of distinguished services.

It is now stated that M. de Flotow's *L'Ombre* will not be performed this year. Of course, Parisian wit has made the most of a work with such a name repeatedly failing to see the light.

Said General Moltke after the second act of Wagner's *Meistersinger*:—"It is as bad as this in the Chamber of Deputies; but there it is possible to move the adjournment of the debate."

Dr. Gunz was to leave for the Continent on Wednesday. *Tant pis*. We shall hear no more of *Medea* this year; and our operatic enjoyment will be confined to the warblings of *prima donnas*.

L'Art Musical says that on her return from America, Mdle. Nilsson will sing during one season at St. Petersburg, and after that retire from public life. We hope *L'Art Musical* is wrong, but fear it is right.

An oil painting by Ernesto Diaz, of Naples, representing the visit of Lisa to her father, Nicholas dei Lapi, the day before his execution, is announced for sale at Messrs. Robinson, Son, & Fisher's rooms, next week.

The English operatic performances, under the direction of Mr. Charles James Bishenden, announced to commence this month at St. George's Hall, Regent Street, are postponed, owing to the severe illness of the principal singer.

Madame Patti played at the Opéra Comique in the second act of *La Figlia*, according to a special arrangement between the managers of that house and M. Bagier of the Italiens. The receipts amounted nearly to 15,000 francs.

M. Camille Stamaty, pupil of Kalkbrenner and master of the late Herr Gottschalk, died recently, aged fifty-nine. Among his best known works for the piano are "Souvenirs des Concerts du Conservatoire" and "Etudes Caractéristiques sur l'Obéron."

M. Maurice Richard's commission of inquiry into the Conservatoire does not appear to be wholly satisfactory. Considerable stress is laid upon the fact that out of twenty-eight members, only eight are musicians, the twenty being journalists and functionaries. It is needless to say that musicians expect very little from their labours.

La France Musicale gives a list of twenty-four composers who are attacked by Herr Wagner in his new brochure, *Ueber das Dirigiren*, and concludes by saying, "Le massacre est complet; il ne reste plus debout que Richard Wagner; il a tombé tous les autres."

Le Ménestrel, in announcing that Herr Litolf, "le grand symphoniste," is writing an *opéra bouffe* for the Folies Dramatiques, suggests a prize for successful vaccination against the Offenbachian epidemic. "Où allons-nous?" asks our contemporary, in dismay.

The *Creation* will be performed, for the only time this season, on Friday, the 20th inst., at St. James's Hall, by the National Choral Society—conductor, Mr. G. W. Martin; when Miss Louisa Pyne will sing in this oratorio for the last time. Mr. George Perren and Mr. Santley are also engaged.

The choir of St. Peter's, Canterbury, was vested in surplices on Easter Sunday, and there were full choral services in the church. Ten or twelve years ago (says the *Choir*) there was only a barrel organ in this edifice, and the clerk used to leave his desk during service and proceed to the gallery at appointed times to turn the handle.

At a conversazione in the South Kensington Museum, on Wednesday, the 4th inst., an attractive selection of music was performed by the band of the Grenadier Guards of the Royal Marines (Chatham Division). The first piece in the programme of the Royal Marines was Herr Oberthur's brilliant overture, *Rübezahl*, which was greatly admired.

"Unless, before three months elapse, Sir John Pakington and those who support him provide £10,000 to meet the £10,000 offered by Earl Dudley for the Restoration of Worcester Cathedral and for the Clergy Orphans' and Widows' Fund, the Dean and Chapter will, we believe, accept Lord Dudley's original offer of £10,000 and discontinue the holding of the Festivals within the Cathedral." So, at least, says the *Choir*.

We take another gem from the wonderful store-house of American musical criticism, it is a New Orleans paper which speaks:—

"The Richings Troupe gave Gounod's opera of *Faust* last night. Drama of grief and the avenging Nemesis which tells the story of man's outreach after hidden knowledge of unconquerable longings, and woman's suffering as the inevitable and universal penalty of innocence and inability to battle against the wiles of seduction and the persuasions of passion. It is man, the type of thought in action, the demon of suggestion and opportunity, and the victim on the altar of natural affection and self-sacrifice.

"Gounod's music is worthy of the theme—simplicity and the colourlessness of perfect innocence mere harmony. The boy Siebel's youthful trust in woman's purity; the devilish sneer and hatred—all good out of absolute malice and preference of evil; the deep agony of despair, the perfect faith of love, and the returning confidence in Heaven's mercy and forgiveness, are all portrayed, and speak to the soul in this many-hued and profoundly sympathetic work. True music appeals to the heart of such as have grace to feel its tender breathings or its thunder tones."

MUSIC IN BRUSSELS.

(From a *Philocœphonic Correspondent*.)

BRUSSELS, 25th April.

In my last I only gave a very poor account of *Lohengrin* which obtained and enjoys an increasing success here.

Very few can, or will, appreciate Wagner's Music. Those who do, find it sublime, and refuse to admit the talents and genius of Meyerbeer, Rossini, and even Mozart and Beethoven, for them Wagner is the King of Composers and the God of Geniuses, and no one can approach this mysterious being.

The anti-Wagnerien thinks the opposite of all this; for him all that bears the name of Wagner *must* be bad, and he gives his opinion often without having heard what he condemns; and those who admire, and those who dislike Wagner's Music have often no better motives to give than that it is their opinion—very poor reasons to authorize criticisms.

I therefore refrained from giving a hasty judgement. For my own part I cannot admit that Wagner possesses the stage genius of Meyerbeer or Rossini neither can I deny that he possesses very great talents.

Melody he knows nothing about; but on the other hand he abuses recitative! except in some parts of the rôle of Elsa which are very beautiful, as also the final chorus of the 1st act and the nuptial march—the rest is too artificial; he has great conception but little genius, and he cannot give interesting parts to artists, as he is far from judging scenic effects.

I consider therefore that Wagner ought never to have written for the stage; and if he had confined himself to orchestral music no one would have dared to criticise him for it is there where lies his talent; it is there where he gives proof of musical knowledge.

When you hear any of his orchestral works, listen to the fulness of sound hitherto unknown, the continued action of each instrument—the admirable work which stamps Wagner as the greatest musician of the age (!)

Lohengrin will be given this evening for the 16th time, and Mdlle. Sternberg, whom I have mentioned in my former article, is still the same indefatigable artiste who is revealed to us in the full éclat of her talent.

It is said that M. Perrin intends to bring out *Lohengrin* in Paris; and in that case to engage Mdlle. Sternberg for the part of Elsa.

Mignon was given with unanimous success for Mdlle. Nordet, who was charming in this part, which she plays with much feeling and simplicity—her voice is sweet and very sympathetic, and to see her in this part is a picture for painters to envy.

As to M. Blum, our tenor, I can only say, he plays more with his legs than with his arms or his voice.

Next week will take place the first representation of *The Florentin*, an unpublished comic opera by Pichot of Paris, of which a favourable opinion is predicted let us hope that it is well formed. H. S.

NEW MUSIC.

Bella qual rosea Aurora. Melodia. Composta da GIOVANNI MARAVIGLIA. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE melody of this song runs on with tune, Italian freedom and grace, qualities which are well supplemented by unaffectedness, and an absence of all effort to create sensation by meretricious means. The structure of the accompaniment is simple, and, in its way, as good as that of the melody. To all who want an Italian *aria* at once pleasing and easy, this may be confidently recommended.

The Weaver. Ballad. Written by EMILY JUDSON. Composed by KATE LUCY WARD. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

WHILE keeping strictly to the simplicity and unpretendingness of the ballad, the composer here displays considerable feeling and taste. Miss Ward's music presents no salient points on which to hang remarks, nor should it do so; but aptly expresses the ideas of the verses, which is exactly the province of ballad tunes. Miss Judson's words flow smoothly,

Blythe as a Bird. Song. Written by the KNIGHT OF MORAR. Music by HANNAH R. BINFIELD. [Reading: Binfield.]

A SEMI-RELIGIOUS song well adopted for a contralto voice, and written with considerable success. The composer has managed to be sentimental without being mawkish; and to achieve pathos without a twaddle. Few songs by lady writers have given us equal satisfaction of late.

Lay me beneath the grass. Song. Words by E. D. CROSS. Music by Mrs. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS. [London: Boosey & Co.]

THE title of this song indicates something very pathetic if not mournful, and indicates truthfully. Some may object that the composer has written monotonously as regards melody and rhythm, but we opine that this effect has been well studied and thoughtfully worked out. The monotony resembles that of a funeral bell, and the impression made is as mournful as the shadow of a funeral cortege. Through it, however, there runs a tinge of sweetness, like the band of white round a coffin pall. The song is adapted for a contralto voice.

Casta Diva, and march from "Norma". Transcribed for the Piano by JOHANNES WINKELHAUS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

WE have here a transcription eminently playable and thoroughly well done. Due regard is paid to the original theme, in the sense of abstaining from putting it to torture, and brilliant effect is secured by passages which lie so well under the hand as to present the minimum of difficulty. The transcription may be safely recommended even to moderate executants.

God save the Queen. Transcribed for the piano by JOHANNES WINKELHAUS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

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